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[Despatch Abstract.]

Requesting the Resident in Tel
to inform Mr R. S. Ramanath
Aiyar of the Dewan's Office,
Trivandrum, that the copy of
his jubilee leaves & other poem
has been duly received.

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GOVERNMENT OF MADRAS

JUBILEE LEAVES AND OTHER POEMS

BY
S. RAMANATH AIYAR,
TRIVANDRAM.

Printed at the "Western Star" Press.

1897.

(Copy-right.)

JUBILEE LEAVES

AND OTHER POEMS

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Dedication.

To

His Royal Highness
Prince Marthanda Varma B. A.
of Travancore

&c., &c., &c., &c.

THESE JUBILEE LEAVES AND OTHER POEMS

ARE, WITH KIND PERMISSION,

RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED

As a humble tribute of profound esteem and
gratitude

by

HIS HIGHNESS'

most loyal and ever devoted dependant,

THE AUTHOR,

INTRODUCTION.

A change has come over the conditions bearing upon art. The quantum of scientific conceptions obtaining abroad seems to be actively at work in their midst. However powerful and decisive the influence may be, the cherished ideals of the Nine remain intact. Their essential elements of vitality continue the same, for all the vast and mighty changes which creep in upon us on all sides. They adapt themselves sometime perceptibly, sometime secretly, and sometime even deliberately to the new condition of things. The scene is stirring and fraught with intense interest.

The critics find a congenial field here. They are in favour of the new divinity. According to them, Poetry is hustled out of existence. The fountain is sealed; the river dried up. The soul has escaped; the form alone remains. The inevitable day of her de-thronement is come. And consequently, when a new work of art is brought out, no ordinary storm of condemnation and ridicule has to be faced.

It is no way strange that the author is so severely handled. Look where we may, in

ii.

the annals of criticism, it appears to be the fate of almost every writer to be afflicted by its tyranny. The celebrated genius of old did not escape it. Hard were the knocks and severe the drubbings they had received. The onslaught was the most scathing. It was war to the knife.

Votaries of the sublime and the beautiful can rejoice in the dawn of a new renaissance, with the grand discovery of the power and function of criticism by the erudite champion of its modern school, Mathew Arnold, who used that power to the fullest and the most beneficent extent, "to be the most disinterested endeavour to learn and propagate the best that is known and thought in the world, and not the old insular British prejudice as it has been represented in the Edinburgh and the Quarterly Reviews." This seems at first sight to give no occasion for the angry contests and difference of opinion. But all the world, it is well known, does not worship at the same shrine. Hence public opinion in its fantastic flights, does not appear to steadily keep in view a settled course of action. It is neither here, nor there, Emilia would say. There is thus a rallying point for contending factions.

iii.

The position advanced by the attacking party, in respect of the Iconoclastic overthrow of the Muses from their sacred Hill, is far from tenable. It is so anomalous in its character that too much stress cannot be laid on its questionable basis. Poetry has not ceased and will not cease to exist. It will develop in some form or other, in some country or other, in one language or another. It will prosper with the world's advancement. After calmly and fully viewing the question from whatever avenue of approach, Wordsworth has hopefully prophesied to us:—"Poetry is the *first* and the *last* of all knowledge. It is immortal as the heart of man."

There is a revolution in Poetry, as in civilization. Its progress has the nature of a wave. It has rise and a fall alternately. An Epoch of concentration is followed by one of expansion. A sort of dualism underlies its history, as every part of nature. The double law of progress and decline thus underlying the Poetic advancement, gives us hope that the prospect in store is immensely rich.

The influx of scientific conceptions has exercised only a mutual and healthy influence

iv.

It has not shocked the Poetic instinct. It has only "breathed into it a higher exaltation" as a latter-day writer puts it. Herbert Spencer whose very name is a secure guarantee for correct judgment maintains, in his valuable treatise on education, that the highest art of every kind is based on Science, that without it there can be neither perfect production nor full appreciation and that this becomes manifest when we remember that all art-products are representative of subjective or objective phenomena. This may be taken as the whole truth in respect of their relation.

Further the mission of both is the same viz:- to struggle against the unknown. Truth is their highest aim and the specific power which both bring to play, is imagination. This marvellous faculty binds up with a mystic chain the philosophic insight, the penetrative power, the interpretive skill and the constructive genius seen conspicuously in all great poets and scientists. It appears to be a power within our grasp only to disappear into a cloud of tangled mystery. The man of science brings experiments to bear upon the suggestions of this gift; while the poet leaves them to centralise within the vast and boundless ocean-circle of

v.

the relation between the actual and the ideal. The one uses it to gather general principles from facts and thereby explain all phenomena around us; the other employs it to apply these principles to the stern realities of life, and reveal higher facts of our existence. The one seeks to establish certain laws governing the mechanism of the universe; the other tries to reveal its source and set afloat, from these laws, certain ideas which are fruitful, permanent, and universal. Dr. Adolph Wurtz was therefore perfectly right when, in a paper read before the French Association on the progress of chemistry, he emphatically declared that "science kindles imagination with the new conceptions and new beauties which it has wrested from the unknown, and thus becomes the ally of poetry. The latter in turn is very often the herald of science, through what is called the intuition of the poet." There are passages in modern poetry which fully bear out the truth of this. Tennyson pre-eminently stands out as an instance in point of this profitable interchange. He has absorbed and assimilated the healthy and fertile influence of modern science, and shakes its bold truths, by tens and dozens, in all his poems which are full of character and life. Numerous instances

will occur even to the most casual reader who can, therefore, make an elaborate list for himself. As for the reciprocal influence which poetry has exercised on science, even Mr. Devey has to acknowledge in his "Comparative Estimate of Modern Poetry" that "the law of gravitation has been found in Dante. Shakespeare revealed the circulation of blood, long before it was propounded by Harvey. Goethe while contemplating plants, hit upon the important law regulating their growth, which has revolutionized Botany. It came into the mind of the same poet, stumbling over some bones in a church yard, that the spinal sheath was only a prolongation of the skull—an idea of which Owen has made so much in his work on 'Vertebrate Animals.' We all know that Haüy, while pondering over the beauty of the inorganic world, discovered the great law of 'Isomorphism' of minerals, solving that problem by an effort of the imagination, which had baffled the efforts of a crowd of inductive philosophers."

Thus it will be seen that there is no conflict between Science and Poetry. They are closely allied friends. The antagonism about which so much is heard is after all absolutely

fictitious. Hence it is that Herbert Spencer deals blows of manly prowess at the persistent outrage of the critics, and wrathfully exclaims that the current opinion that science is opposed to poetry, is a *delusion*. He avers the most confidently that science opens up realms of poetry and strongly holds that it *excites* poetry rather than *extinguishes* it. Even Mathew Arnold, the most critical voice of the century, whose authority weighs much, says:—"Without Poetry, Science will be incomplete." It will be very instructive to note how the Bard of Rydal Mount has expressed himself in anticipation of this position. He says that "the remote discoveries of the Chemist, the Botanist, the Minerologist, will be as proper objects of the Poet's art as any upon which it can be employed." He therefore emphatically calls Poetry "the impassionate expression which is in the countenance of all Science." All this is enough to show the real bearings of the case; but this is not all that can be said on the subject.

The epoch now ebbing apace is one of criticism. It has done its work to ridiculous excess, and must naturally give place to the creative instinct, as these moods alternate in

nations as well as in individuals. And moreover, all departments of life at the present day struggle to express the identity of their law. Each gives utterance to the law in its own language. The Sage of Concord presents the full picture when he says:—"Raphael paints it; Handel sings it; Phydias carves it; Shakespeare writes it; Wren builds it; Columbus sails it; Luther preaches it; Washington arms it; Watt mechanises it". The laws of each are convertible into the laws of the other.

Poetry thus makes common cause with all branches of higher knowledge.

Wordsworth justly and brilliantly calls it therefore "the breath and finer spirit of all knowledge". Robert Southey says:—"It is in Poetry only that we throw off the yoke of the world, and are privileged as it were to utter our deepest and our holiest feelings. Poetry in this respect may be called the salt of the earth. We express in it and receive in it sentiments for which, were it not for this permitted medium, the usages of the world would neither allow utterance nor acceptance." Maurice St. Guerin, a French poet, in whom the manifestations of the interpretive power of Poetry are

pre-eminently found, says:—"I owe everything to Poetry; for there is no other name to give to the sum-total of my thoughts. I owe to it whatever I now have, pure, lofty, and solid in my soul. I owe to it all my consolations in the past. I shall probably owe to it my future." Mazzini recalls the pregnant voice of the old Smyranean minstrel declaring to us from his throne of over two thousand years that "the gods permitted the ruin of Ilion and the death of many heroes, in order that Poetry might hand down her lessons for the benefit of the ages to come." Hence it is that Hazlitt exclaims with ungovernable rage "whoever has contempt for Poetry, has a contempt for himself and humanity."

Thus in whatever light the question may be viewed, Poetry makes sure, absolutely and securely sure, of its high and independent position, in a very striking manner. And above all it is the foundation of India's nationality in all periods of her history. In his introduction to Mr. T. Rama Krishna's *Tales of Ind*, Rev. Dr. Miller says:—"Whatever else may she have wanted, India has never wanted Poetry. In some form, whether good or bad, high or low, the Poetic instincts of her children have found expression in every succeeding age of her che-

quered history." So that any one who may feel himself roused from within by the Poetic instinct might, with impunity, develop the faculty to the full extent of his capacity. Though the materials may be said to be the same, and consequently to have become stale, a slight shake of the intuitive Kaleidscope puts the whole in a new order of things, and gives full and free scope for new and original thought.

With this, I set the ball rolling, and do not intend to look back. How far I am successful I cannot say. I do not know whether the result produced is commensurate with the labour expended. Most parts are written out in odds and ends of time. I am aware of the difficulties I am put to—difficulties in their nature amounting to impossibility. I know it is a foreign language I dabble in, and many are the consequent stumbling-blocks that beset my way. But encouraged to my task by many distinguished *elite* both of European and native community, with whom it is my inestimable privilege to have come in contact, I securely feel that mine will not be a wandering voice in the empty air. I think I can therefore bring out the work with equanimity and entertain the hope expressed,

by Wyke Baylis in "The Witness of Art":—"Who shall read my pages? Men perhaps, with grave eyes who will detect fault in every line and yet, seeing that I am in earnest, will not cast them hastily aside; women, it may be, with kind eyes who will impart my words a grace from their own minds; children, I hope, whose truthful eyes will see with mine for a little while, till passing me in the race, they reach nearer the Light itself."

S. RAMANATH AIYAR.

Karamanai, Trivandrum, }
November, 1897. }

Jubilee Leaves.

ERRATA.

Page	Line	For	Read
7	5	Victoreean	Victorian
10	10	Britania's	Britannia's
25	26	occean's	ocean's
27	27	thre'	thro'
32	15	cf	of
33	6	ripplest	ripple
52	2	they	thy
53	11	thought	thoughts
53	16	self-doth	self doth

Our India's Empress Queen! Illustrious most
 In England's rank of all the noblest reigns,
 The brightest Gem of Brunswick's Royal stock
 That wreathes a graceful link to hoary past
 When brave Heruli's warlike champion swept
 The last of Roman Prowess in the West,
 And late, the tow'ring might of Fred'rick's sway
 Did shield the monk who shook the Christian

world;

Thus doubly sprung from great renown, the child
 That sweet combines the kindred light of both,
 And was in sylphid bloom exalted high
 To be the Queen of Albion's saintly isle,
 And sceptre wield o'er half the world from realms
 Of Greenland's icy coast to Torrid sands
 Of Afric's wild deserts and rule the hearts
 Of nations vast and marked as Xerxes' ranks;
 Victor alike of all the expansive main,
 Installed in First Edward's heroic throne,
 In Wester Abbey's hallowed aisles that glowed
 And shone with crimson hangings, cloths of gold,
 Amidst the peal of anthems, shouts of joy,
 And sweet echoes of syren harmony, [Crown,
 With Diamond Ring and Sceptre, Orb and

That shed a ray of sunlight on Thy brow—
 A halo shining brighter evermore,
 Around Thy Sixty Summers' genial sway
 Whose glory mounts in radiant car to heights
 Of Freedom, Progress, Knowledge, Hope and

Peace,

E'er since, with might of steam, the Bristol bark
 Did stem the Atlantic waves and waft the freight
 Of varied stores from New York's vast domain:
 When Khedives, Czars and mighty Potentates,
 Thy vassal Princes, Feudal Rajs and all
 The countless races, creeds and gilds do kiss
 Thy Rod and hail Thy Diamond Jubilee, [forth,
 With beaming hearts and hymns of praise send
 As, when the Lord of Aryavartha pays
 The Rajasuya meed to holy gods,
 Celestial hands do magic music make;
 When feelings same now surge from pole to pole
 And all the world exulting pæans sings;
 Shall Ind, the Koh-inoor that decks Thy Crown,
 The land of lasting sweet Elysian shades,
 The land that holds the lords of Vedic songs,
 Where human grandeur, wealth and beauty rose
 Ere Roman Eagle pounced upon Thy isle,
 Ere Light did dawn upon the Grecian Arts,
 Ere Babylon her hanging gardens bore,
 The land whose riches vast as ocean vied
 With wealth of Spain and Californian coasts;

Whose Ophirs, Opals — pomp to world diffused,
 Whose iv'ry paved the stools of foreign thrones,
 Whose princes passed in splendour all the kings
 That sceptre held in gorgeous East and West,
 The land whose grace, at once the shadows

marred,

Whose wealth the foreign Neros robbed, and

spread

The blackened blights abroad from Kashmir's

Hills

To Sunny vales of south, whose pride cut down,
 Who mourned her ruined hopes for long, but who
 Now stretched in England's hopeful sunshine

lies,

And breathes the charms of bloom and freshness
 round,

And smiles in beams of England's trusted Pledge;
 Shall such a land, to Thee, Her Empress-Queen,
 Her Watch and Ward, Her Staff and Stay dare
 To step exulting forth and blend her voice [slip
 In music sweet of wave and wind, to sing
 The joy that reigns supreme within the heart?
 What though the baleful plague upon us fell,
 What though the blighting famine laid us low,
 What though the Earthquake rolled in thund'r-
 ing dread,

And swept away the work that ages wrought,
 What though the tragic scenes at Poona shook

Thy Gospel peace and Bengal furious reeled [ire,
 And frothed and foamed with raging scorn and
 Thou dost awake the grateful thought and word;
 For England's soothing touch, her tender boon,
 Her gentle care, in wild profusion lends
 A courtly balm and bloom to shrinking souls!
 Thy kindness walks abroad with nimble steps
 And leaves a bud in ev'ry parchéd shrub!
 The mountain smiles and all the vales rejoice!
 Thy gallant heroes watch us all around
 And scent our ancient groves with richer spice!
 Ah! could my Muse that waves her pinions small
 And soars to humble heights thro' sylvan groves.
 Wherein Prince Albert Victor chased the beasts
 Of Ancient Vénad's realms, recall the fire
 That saintly Vyasa breathed, the thrilling chord
 That holy Valmik swept, or magic tones
 That laurelled Gems of Bhoja's court awoke,
 To swell the choral voice of India's gilds
 Now leagued in golden bonds of living love,
 And pour impassioned strains of loyal meed,
 With gleams of heart, and waft such loyal meed
 Across the waves to foot-steps of Thy throne!
 When festal voice of countless nations sings
 The thousand glorious deeds and quenchless fame
 In all the fields where human vigour strives,
 That Albion's sons achieved and still achieve,
 And shed effulgence round Thy Golden reign,

Oh Gracious Sov'reign, deign accept this lay
 An obscure Indian bard awakes, in tones
 Howe'er rough-shod, to lift the voice of Ind
 Which (like the voice of Sita, when her lord
 Restored with sweet embrace to light again,
 Her breaking heart that languished fast to death
 In monster Rávan's wild and dreary isle)
 Doth fervent pour to Thee our feelings forth
 Of past afflictions deep, subdued at once
 By feelings rapt of hope and bliss redeemed:
 Thy Ind, like Sita thinks no more of clouds
 That filled the heavy past with horrid groans
 No more of Ghazni's bloody storm and strife,
 No more of cruel blades of moslem serfs,
 No more of faithless Khusru, Toglak mad,
 No more of Timur's havocs gushing red,
 No more of dark Aurengzib's swords of fire
 That wrought infernal scourge upon the land,
 No more of giant shadows, murd'rous banes
 That steeled the foul Suráj to Blackhole deeds,
 No more of crafty Chund, or Jaffer false,
 No more of fire and thunder Hyder bore,
 No more of tempests, tyrant Tippu stirred,
 No more of war and bloodshed, foreign feuds,
 No more of frowning sceptres, days of gloom.
 With rapt delight which speaks in tears at first,
 Like Sita, free from ev'ry grief, Thy Ind
 Now sports upon her hallowed plains again;

She mounts the solar orb of modern thoughts
 And like Arundhati, her matron sage,
 Whose lofty wisdom pilots Indian thoughts,
 Descries Cupolas crown Victorian thoughts
 That light impart to paths and realms unknown—
 Paths and realms which noble hearts have
 And seek, in every time and clime, to fly [sought,
 Away, and be at rest and endless bliss;
 While thoughts do always stream thro' depths
 A magic force to work the ends of man, [of soul
 Do live for e'er surviving Pyramids, and

Tajmahals,
 Surviving Seven-Hilled-Cities, Vihara shrines,
 Surviving Newton's works and Nelson's fame;
 While now they flit with lightning speed

o'er all
 The earth and main, and soar to airy heights
 And dive to depths of mines and cut thro' cliffs
 And sceptre sway o'er sun, and moon and stars;
 While they have bridled Ganga's furious rush,
 Have reared Indian Lubec, Eton, Rome,
 Have hung on Cyprus branches Sati's scourge,
 Have quelled the earthquake-bursts of savage

Thugs,
 Have spread the light of Letters, Art and
 Science,
 Have hailed the Golden Harvests, Angel Peace,
 Have raised the shouts and songs of harmony;

That greater homage could an Indian bard
 In breathing sense of endless joy awake,
 Than sing of flights that human thoughts
 have made—

Victorean thoughts which, like the music box
 That melts to magic oneness diverse tones,
 Have served to bring to form an ord'r in all,
 Resistless order, fixt, immutable,
 A music law that rules the course of things,
 And gives us grander views of universe;
 For us, Victorean flights of human thoughts
 Burst forth to hail the sight, in realms

confused,
 Of realms where order reigns supreme, and bear
 The impress firm Ev'lution's seal-mark sets;
 For recent British science and thought unfold
 The hand and grasp of nature's fairy tales;
 A floor of granite first, and ages roll—
 A bed of slate, again the ages roll—
 A layer of coal and then the ages roll—
 A sheet of marl and mud, and ages roll—
 The planet cools and dries and ruder forms
 Of life unshapen first arrive at plants [beasts
 And grow, and then at worms and creep, at
 And walk, and last arrive at man and think;
 Then races rise to view and yield at last
 The finest type of Nature's perfect man.
 The selfsame lyre was partly tuned by Ind

Who viewed the world without, with eyes within,
 When first she sang of Vishnu's ten Avatars;
 As Phœnic Dagon, Oannes of Babylon,
 That God, as fish, did flash to view when earth
 Was, after seething hot in neb'lous mist,
 But partly taking shape: did next emerge
 As tortoise leaving trace of farther change:
 Did then assume the boar Varah, when crest
 And crown of earth was formed to land-life hold,
 And green of tender sprouts her bosom deckt;
 Did after, gain the form that had a face
 As lion's, and frame as man's—the Nrising-God,
 When forests spread and winter's blasts began;
 Did then ascend the glorious stage of man
 As Vaman-God, the Indian Liliput;
 Did next as Ploughman Rama till the earth,
 As Kshatri Rama sceptre bear, and then,
 As Brahmin Rama sway the minds of men;
 Did last, as Krishna, pour out love and link
 In gentle bonds the souls of divers creeds.
 As England lets the sunbeam thro' the myths
 In which such orient thoughts are wrapt, the wand
 Of Indian thoughts is growing more in might,
 As Ind herself, with England at the helm.
 'Tis lofty thoughts, Victorian culture yields
 That balanced human thoughts of Nature's ways;

They teach, the world began in neb'lous mist
 And man began his life in mystic cell:
 Both grew to more, as parts were linkt to parts;
 The world assumed a form fit best for life
 To live, and man by stately grades to grow:
 The world grows old and pale like used-up moon,
 And dying, joins last primeval whole,
 Whence fresher systems vap'ring hot with fire
 Like tails of comets spread across the sky:
 While man pursues his course in endless forms
 And gives Humanity its lasting stroke:
 Birth is thus the passing in, and Being
 The passing on, and Death the passing out,
 Of forms of vital force thro' countless grades:
 All force is thus the force of some Essence
 Unknown, yet partly knowable and known,
 Which strongly acts on all the scales of being—
 The key that opes Ev'lution's wondrous lock:
 A future state where man awaits reward
 Is but the sterner law of recompense:
 Thus Death is life in higher forms of being:
 'Tis higher life, not death that kills a life:
 Thus Death is Victory. Hence, not alone
 The Victory of life, but Victory
 Of Death is Thine, O Gracious Queen, to watch
 In growing thought's expanding main, and find
 The stream is e'er the same, tho' drops of it
 Do change (as all things worldly e'er do change).

As ev'ry drop pursues its devious course
 And joins last its brother drop, and all
 Assemble last in womb of lasting main,
 So man doth lend his deathless parts to a whole
 Whose like and whence they are, in scheme of things.

There is an Over-mind that minds attract, (hence
 A heart that hearts, and soul that souls: 'tis
 The world does e'er rejoice in minds and hearts
 That more and more approach the Perfect Good.
 Britannia's peerless Queen! whose matchless sway
 The longest, noblest, best the world has seen,
 Whose thousand deeds of deathless good ap-
 proach

The most, Perfection's great Eternal Reign,
 The face of mother Earth doth smile in gleams
 Of golden light, at Thee, her dearest child;
 And all the thousand thousand nations stirred
 By feelings prime, exulting anthems sing!
 Thy dearest Ind doth raise with Orient birds
 The sounds of lyre and song! Permit her bard
 This rose-wreath send to deck Thy Glorious
 brow,

And pray with him, his master-bard, whose voice
 Majestic rolled in tones of might and told
 The Muscs' tales which still engage the sense
 At war with soul, within the self-same field
 Where Arthur's Knights of Table Round did fight

The bloodless fight of life, and Arthur left
 Behind him "all the beauty of that Star
 Which shone so close beside Thee, that Ye made
 One Light together, but has past and leaves
 The Crown a lonely splendour.

May all love,
 His love, unseen but felt, o'er shadow Thee,
 The love of all Thy sons, encompass Thee,
 The love of all Thy daughters, cherish Thee,
 The love of all Thy people, comfort Thee,
 Till God's love set Thee at his side again."

June 1897.

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 Till God's love set Thee at his side again."

June 1897.

OTHER POEMS.

A BIRTHDAY GREETING.

To G. S. P.

In full and flowing tide of mirth
I hail thee, dear my Sanker sweet,
Thou dost, this festal day, complete
Thy five and twentieth year of birth.

2

Beam this day its radiance forth,
Have many a turn in radiant store
To shed its grace for evermore
And crown thy life with brilliant worth.

3

In deep affections of the breast,
Exulting thus, a choral lay
I raise, with bird and bee, to pray
And feel with grandeur thou art blest.

4

What scenes of friendship's silken tie,
What happy feelings we displayed,
What fancy's visions wildly staid,
What golden moods float lightly by!

5

My mem'ry strays in vales we sped,
The hills we clomb, the sports we made,
The tranquil Muse that danced in shade
And witching charms around us shed!

The Mudvan terrace comes to sight !
 I feel the gales that softly play !
 The clouds in graceful folds array
 And fringe the dome of skyey height !

Our rapt'rous souls then wing their flight,
 With accents soft, my heart you touch ;
 I catch the fire, I feel it much,
 And feeling wave my pinions light.

Our younger friends, with plaudits loud,
 Lend light and sweetness, each to each ;
 We teach to learn, and learn to teach,
 And lighten up our homely crowd.

These mem'ries sweet shall never fade,
 They sunshine add to festal light
 And make such festal mem'ries bright,
 May'st thou live long in Eden-shade.

THE SIEGE OF CHITORE.

In Meywar's vast and mighty kingdom,
 Stood Chitore's fortress strong ;
 And Chitore was the town historic,
 Of many a siege erelong ;
 'Twas thousand thousand patriots' birthdom,
 Who stood the tide of foes ;
 Here ruled the brave Mah'Rana Bhimsi,
 To whom the Rajput owes
 The prestige proud of his position
 Among the warrior gild ;
 Ne'er was ruler great in council,
 Ne'er great in arms and mild,
 Ne'er one so much adored by people,
 Ne'er loved so deep and wild,
 The country flowed with milk and plenty,
 And ev'ry cottage smiled ;
 The peace was soon disturbed, and quiet,
 The Moslem tyrant ran
 And looted all the border counties,
 And ravaged life to a man ;
 And in his savage mood destructive,
 He neared the Rana's land ;
 As firm as Chitore rocks stood Bhimsi
 And drove the Moslem band ;
 The Moslem heard of Padmin's beauty,
 Her sweet attractive grace ;

And she's the Rana's spouse and faithful,
 Her sweet expressive face
 Had seen but five and twenty summers;
 A fresh-blown blossom fair!
 Her glance of passion melting sweetness,
 Impressed a graceful air;
 Her constant warm and peaceful nature
 Did speak in liquid smiles
 Which lit her soft and yielding feature
 Her nat'ral pranks and wiles;
 Her high and open forehead spotless
 Bespoke a dauntless mind,
 While tint of softer rose and fairer,
 Her tender cheeks did find;
 Her glossy hair as dark as raven
 Hung o'er her shoulders white,
 Her rolling eyebrows' curling filaments
 Did grace her brow of light:
 Thus shone the pure and classic beauty—
 Padmin fair and smart;
 The haughty germs of evil passion
 Did eat the Sultan's heart.
 Oh lust and av'rice ruled the Moslem;
 He tried by arts and guiles,
 By hollow vows and secret mission,
 To win the Ranee's smiles;
 But having thus the Queen offended
 The siege he raised, he laid;

Her furious wrath grew more defiant
 And brave her part she played;
 The raging cannons growled their fury:
 The Rana, bold he stood.
 The siege prolonged for dozen winters,
 And he did all he could.
 But ev'ry day his arms grew thinner,
 By strength the Moslem won;
 The Regent found resistance hopeless,
 And sued for peace anon:
 And peace the lustful Moslem offered,
 Would he his queen but pawn;
 The Rana's fury reached its utmost,
 His subjects mad with ire,
 Held out the siege, with ten-fold fury—
 Raged battle, cloud and fire;
 The Rajputs still by hope were baffled,
 The siege was almost lost;
 At tired of fighting, peace the Sultan
 Did give at dearer cost.
 He could see the face of Padmin,
 He fain would soon retire.
 The distressed Rajputs held a council
 And bent to his desire,
 Were't curbed to see her face reflected,
 As in a mirror bright;
 To this, agreed the Sultan wily,
 And ceased at once the fight.

The day was fixed ; with pomp and splendour
 The sensuous Moslem made
 Within the fort, with few retainers,
 His hands on Bhimsi's laid ;
 He then was led to palace Alcove,
 And thence his eyes did feast
 On fulgent Padmin's sweet reflection !
 What thoughts entered his breast !
 Thoughts of dark and horrid tissue,
 Thoughts of love-beams wove,
 Thoughts that soared to airy castles,
 Thoughts of moonstruck love !
 He saw the sweet and graceful brilliance,
 He saw her contours gleam,
 Her hollowed back and swelling bosom
 Through the mirror beam !
 He saw her eyes like drooping blue-bells,
 Fixed steadfast on the ground :
 Her swan-like neck bent down with sorrow,
 The sensuous Sultan found ;
 How can't his passion raging fulsome,
 E'en ere the queen he saw,
 But grow at sight with unchecked fury ?
 It shocks the natural law ;
 Anon he took the hands of Bhimsi
 And pardon, begged on knees ;
 Since rash, he said, he held the battle,
 Their illwill all should cease.

He would, till death, be friend of Chitore,
 He feigned it honor high ;
 With address glib, the scheming Sultan
 Thus led the Rana nigh
 The city walls, and far beyond them
 Towards the Moslem tent ;
 With slighter guards to requite court'sy
 The trusty chieftain went.
 Abrupt, the ambushed Delhi Soldiers
 The faithless Sultan set,
 Rushed outright from behind a jungle,
 The single Rajput met :
 Want of faith more strong than power,
 Did touch the Rana keen ;
 The trickster Moslem now demanded
 Chitore's beauteous queen
 As ransom for the Regent's freedom ;
 Cut deep by bitter spleen
 The Ranee called her Sirdars, princes
 And in her council met,
 And sought advice to save the Rana :
 At last a plan she set—
 Herself as ransom she did offer,
 If Bhimsi was released ;
 She'd bring a suite her rank befitting,
 But if the Moslem pleased :
 He fell beyond himself for rapture,
 And forthwith assent gave ;

The queen with thousand thousand litters,
 With sturdy Rajputs brave
 Confined within, with Marshal Gora,
 Did make towards the camp.
 The maddened Moslems hailed the princess;
 Her litters did them clamp.
 The mighty Sultan neared her litter,
 And she did step to view,
 And humbly begged, with Chitore's pris'ner,
 A parting interview.
 The boon was granted, and the princess
 Did fly to Bhimsi's close.
 "What's this! you here!" exclaimed the chief.
 "Hush! no time to lose;
 Within the tent are horses ready,
 Oh come, dear husband, come,"
 Like light they rushed to horses fiery,
 The soldiers raised alarm;
 The sturdy Rajputs burst the litters,
 And covered bold the flight;
 Fierce they met the brutal Moslems,
 Like raging lions at fight;
 While arms met arms and Gora bravely
 Withstood the en'my's charge.
 Till one by one the Rajput heroes
 Fell martyrs on their targe;
 They fought and died to save their rulers
 The Royal scions free;

The Sultan's wrath augmented boundless,
 Fresh hirelings gathered he.
 And marched against the Chitore fortress
 And sieged it once again;
 From morn to eve did rage the battle,
 And bold the Rana's men,
 With one consent to die or conquer,
 Kept off the Moslem hordes:
 Now stout and furious grew the battle,
 And swords encountered swords;
 A thund'ring shock did meet the thousands,
 The earth began to shake:
 And forth from scabbards flew the lances,
 "Charge" the Rana spake.
 They charged till all the gallant Rajputs
 Were cut down on the field—
 The desperate prince with breathless fury
 Did bold his weapon wield,
 And routed single many a Moslem,
 And wearied, fell on shield,
 Rose up once more, darted bravely—
 A shaft hit on his brow.
 Still dauntless stood the gallant Regent,
 His life was ebbing low—
 The news apace to Padmin travelled,
 And from her royal stand,
 She slipped anon with all her maidens,
 With Chitore's matron band,

And slow did move in sad procession,
 To a large and funeral pyre.
 It foamed and raged and lit the city,
 And round the deadly fire,
 They took some turns while desp'rate Padmin
 Midst breathless silence cast
 A lingering glance whence tears started,
 And gave to flames at last;
 And her at once her suite did follow,
 The flames did roll on fast.
 With brand in hand, the vanquished Rana
 Did make to the spot in haste,
 And bowed, beneath the weight of sorrow,
 Beneath the flames he past.
 The victor Moslem entered Chitore,
 But found an empty vast,
 Where he that runs can read the story
 How duteous Padmin pure
 And faithful Bhimsi brave, did glorious
 Perish in hard Johur.

THE VOYAGE IN THE BOAT.

The Sea is calm, the sails are set,
 The seamen row, the ship does get
 Advancing start with stirring gale,
 And here begins our woeful tale.
 The crew is hot and strong and brave,
 They're men who ne'er did fear the grave;
 The ship has sailed full ten months' course
 And it arrives in Tropic shores.
 The Coral reefs about them lay.
 Where Coral insects work by day;
 In thousand shapes they form the cells,
 They raise a thousand living shells;
 They rear their columns far and wide,
 Broad-based upon the highest tide;
 The Coral rocks around the piles,
 Enclose a mass of scattered isles
 Where limpid sheets of many a fount
 Pour down upon the rising mount,
 And add a grace to graceful scene
 In which could Nature's sports be seen.
 "But what are coral reefs to me",
 Cried one in bitter agony,
 "Who's lost in raging unknown sea,
 In gallant bark that floats so nigh
 The coral reefs where rise so high,
 The riotous ocean's riotous waves

To drown us all in liquid graves?"
 Just then a gentle gale arose,
 And all the seamen's spirit rose;
 It rose with brisk and lively gale
 That oft does in the sea prevail;
 But soon a storm with dreadful signs
 Began to shake the crew's ensigns.
 The woeful storm approached them soon,
 And then it was the hour of noon;
 The sea was rough as rough could be
 They bowed before the Deity;
 The storm was mixed with wind and rain
 And did the crew from work restrain.
 And so they sat confined within
 (Without the storm's confused din)
 They knew not how to turn the prow,
 And as a man confirmed by vow
 O! on they went they knew not where,
 Stung deep by grief and dull despair.
 At last they came in sight of land
 And hope to them seemed close at hand.
 A shock cut off the hopeful crew,
 And all on raging sea it threw,
 To while away a striving life,
 In foaming sea of raging strife;
 For, as I said, the gale grew strong
 And drifted was the bark along;
 The howling sounds that they then heard

The careless crew in scorn interred,
 In tipsy dance and riotous song.
 Interred in turn was all the throng
 In raging ocean's foaming waves.—
 Ah! many ships' and heroes' graves!
 Alas! the ship struck on a rock
 With such a huge and thund'ring shock
 As hundred thousand giants' roar,
 In foaming sea of human gore.
 The waters rushed in through the plank
 And down the ship then gurgling sank.
 With axe and sword the masts they felled,
 And on the sea were all levelled.
 One swam with heart towards the shore,
 He ne'er did think of them no more;
 But stemmed the tide, and o'er it sprung,
 To a floating mast he wildly clung,
 And with its aid he swam to shore
 With strength and hope he lost before.
 "A wave suddenly came o'er me"—
 Near twenty feet the height could be;
 "That gave me such a painful knock"—
 It shook him with a bitter shock;
 "That monstrous wave did bury me
 At once beneath the depthless sea."
 At last by struggling with his limbs,
 As thro' the clouds the moonlit beams,
 Above the sea he raised his head

And found him of the waves ahead;
 But still again a wave came on
 To take him back whence he had gone,
 As snails that up a steep wall creep,
 To fall again and then to weep.
 The raging storm abated soon
 And he beheld the sun to swoon.
 And struggling on, he reached the land
 And laid himself upon the strand—
 The morning dawned when he arose
 From leaf-strewn bed of sweet repose.
 He saw no man, no wolf, no bear
 To hope infuse or fear inspire;
 He saw his shattered limbs alone
 His aching head rest on a stone.
 Ah! now it was that life became
 To him a burthen and a name.
 "Alas! my God! what woes to me!"
 "Alas!" cried he in agony.
 "Alas! with none to ease my heart!"
 "Alas! to live in this desert!"
 "O cursed be my parting hour!"
 "O cursed be my lady's bow'r!"
 "From whence with grief at heart I came,
 And prey to selfsame grief became."
 "When I return from my exile
 From this deserted lonely isle,
 O let me have thy kiss, thy tear,

"Thy sigh, thy sob, thy moan, my dear!"
 "Ah! my good parents, do they know
 Thus tossed am I in bitter woe?"
 "Do children mine, of father say—
 Our papa dear will come today!"
 "Man's fortune is, I strongly hope,
 Like loosened knots in my ship's rope.
 O now it rises, now it falls,
 O now in saloons, now in palls.
 O mortal man! ne'er put thy faith
 In words which fickle fortune say'th.
 Strive on, and struggle hard and find
 What good remains to thee behind."
 Thus he sighed and sobbed again:
 In sighs and sobs he drowned his pain.
 He thought of all the events past
 And off in sighs did them he cast.
 As lord of all, he sauntered o'er
 The earthly heav'nly happy shore,
 And found by it a Hill to stand,
 A Hill that's for the fittest planned,
 A Hill that's clad in brightest green
 Of Nature's liveliest happy sheen,
 A Hill by far the blissful seat
 Of Nature's blooming gifts and sweet;
 He clomb the hill and there he found
 Fine grapes and fruits so much abound.
 In this good hill he spent his life

With neither care, nor pain, nor strife.
 E'en so's our voyage in the boat,
 E'en such is life's repulsive route.
 Our boats are launched in silken sails
 Of infancy with hope that gales
 Us all with pure, unmatched delight;
 We feel its own refulgent light.
 We sail—sail all the youthful course,
 Arrive at last by dint and force
 To stern realities of life!
 Then thrown are we in sea of strife.
 For soon the storm with dreadful signs,
 Begins to shake our crew's ensigns.
 The surges dash on rocks, so loud
 The sea is clad in foaming shroud!
 Alas! our boat strikes on a rock
 And puts us all with roaring shock
 In sea of common strife from whence
 Struggle we hard for existence!
 The fittest but survive and thence
 Pull on in spite of obstacles,
 With fervour's stronger, longer pulls,
 Forgetful of the darker side
 And all that swell the mem'ry's tide
 That crowns fresh sorrow's waving crest,
 And drowns the priceless gift—the best
 That men possess,—the zeal intense,
 To work so true their mission's ends,

Forgetful of the many slips
 That come between the cups and lips,
 Of all the hopes and schemes they planned
 Which useless turned like ropes of sand,
 Forgetful of the dull despair
 For past, its sin, its grief, its care,
 And now avoiding Scylla's boom
 And now escaping bold the doom
 That waits by side of Charybdis,
 And crossing thus the vast abyss,
 This time a further afield, and now
 Recov'ring fast the stand, and plough
 And stem the wave with heart's contest,
 And reach at last the shore of rest;
 And thus survive the fittest all
 And reach the valley where dost call
 The Dulce Domum of a Hill
 To rest their weary limbs awhile;
 'This Hill of Nature's earthly Heav'n'
 To them by God's ordain is given.
 Where fain they find life's sterner worth,
 To work their mission grand, and forth
 To stand at last in bold before
 The Pilot high, and grow from more
 To more of that same Pilot's Being
 Where all the beings do end their being.

WOODLAND MINSTRELSY.

It was an evening cool and free,
 The birds were chirping in the lea;
 The orb of day slipped down the deep
 As a cup of gold o'er water's sweep;
 I see the moon in distant east,
 Perchance returning off a feast;
 I see the twinkling stars arise
 And glist'n in the lofty skies;
 I see the glorious twinkling light
 Bent forthwith on its speedy flight;
 I hear the tuneful wind a lay,
 Sing through the clust'ring trees and gay;
 I hear the tuneful verses sweet,
 I hear a purling rill time beat,
 I see a host of cornstalks wave
 Their crested heads, as if they gave,
 By nods, the thanks they felt at heart,
 The sense of which these words impart:—
 "Thy music made our souls refined"
 With pride grew vain the Rill and Wind:—
 "The thanks their way to me should find
 "Since I 'tis pleased them" said the Wind.
 "No, no, it was, my keeping time
 That kept the music in its chime"
 "Tut, tut, my music sweet sublime
 Did lead you right in keeping time"
 Thus did the mighty minstrels fight

When many a bird that marked it right
 Did laugh and dance and laugh again:
 O now the angry wind grew vain
 And off he drove the murmur'ing Rill
 To a neighb'ring lake so deep and still,
 The Rill now rolls in ripplest-shape
 And mercy begs on knees t' escape
 The marge around the waters deep;
 With bitter grief the Rill does weep,
 Since ruthless marge denied its prayer,
 And being thus thrown to dull despair,
 It rolls on here, it rolls on there;
 Alas! unkind did prove the bank
 And down the cause of streamlet sank;
 In calm despair did lie the Rill
 The Rill, in form, tho' ripples still;
 The umpire fields did free the bond
 The Rill was in, and from the pond
 They drew upon a streamlet small,
 And back to former shape, did call
 The suffering Rill, their thirst to quench,
 And thus did pride of Wind retrench:
 When thus the cornstalks good, repeated
 The banished Rill, their pledge they sealed,
 To keep it safe from Wind's remorse;
 Thus said the crops with added force
 "O Rill thou didst thy part so well
 That none thy art shall e'er excel"

Turning then to wind, she cried :—
 "Thou sing'st so well that I've ne'er spied
 On earth a match for thee". Then hied
 The umpire kind to his retreat.
 O Reader! thus in Nature meet
 You not with true-romantic tales?
 Go forth hence to woods and vales!
 In Nature you have sev'ral such
 So Nature learn with Nature's search.

YOUTH AND AGE—AN INTERVIEW

When all is hushed—the orb of day
 Then glows in embers 'neath the line
 That cuts the sheet of ocean gay,
 That silver sheet which doth confine
 This mundane frame—when dost incline
 To rest and silence nature fair.
 And show the type of world's decline.
 When ships will guideless float, and bear
 The dead to shores where calm is ev'ry where,

2

When birds and beasts retire to dens,
 And man buries his cares in sleep,
 And tropic moon, on sunken glens,
 Through woody coverts, slow doth peep,
 A youth in Brahmin's habits clad,
 I saw by Sahia mountain steep;
 With care-worn looks he seemed so sad
 That hiding half his sorrows deep,
 He half revealed his woe-struck-mind to weep.

3

And yet by sadness not struck fast
 With a head so calm and clear, a gaze—
 A deep long gaze indeed he cast
 On Sabia's lively verdant maze,
 And mused; and musing ebb'd the youth
 To former life, and lapsed amain
 In perplex'd dreams and stood in sooth

Like statue still; but he grew fain
A sage to see, and did his woes restrain—

4

And then the sage with white-grown hair,
With robust arms that age defied,
Embraced the youth so smart and fair;
With wonted goodness thus he cried:—
“Detest you youth the foolish pride
In which the wealthy fret and foam?
O pray, tell me why thou hast hied
This twilight hour, from cozy home?
Is it to gaze at Nature's beauteous dome?”

5

Thus spake the youth with modest bow.—
“My outside view, to view is fair,
But canker sorrows lurk below;
To soothe this sorrow I repair
To spots that end our pain and care;
At times I ramble far and far,
When sun retires, his rest to share,
And high assemble many a star,
Whose scanty light doth utmost darkness
[mar—

6

Think not I shun the shrub or wood
To me the sun is but a god—
A god of light and boundless good;
And e'er at morn I call him lord,

And pray when he his path has trod,
And when my grief returns, I fear,
I go and seek these wilds abroad;
This life so stale, so dark, so drear,
A column huge of pain, to me does rear.”

7

“What ails thee youth?” the old man said
“What sorrows lurk within thy heart?
What cares come flaming from its bed
And gallant youth, thou dost but start
To life, and yet dost seem to share
The blasts that blight the bloom, and
thwart

The aims of life, and leave them bare;
Ope free to me thy misery's mart,
Unfold to me thy tale, thy grief impart.”

8

“To rub the scar as'tis to grace
My tale,” replied the youth, with eyes
Fixt steadfast on the ground, “I'd face”—
When bitter tears began to rise—
“I'd face once more, for thee, good man,
My early scenes where chaos lies;
O early lost the ordained plan,
So thrown was I in sea of sighs—
My parents died; they gained creation's prize

9

"And shocked by grief that compassed
 I sought relief in Nature fair, [me,
 I sauntered o'er the hills where glee,
 The blossoms diffuse ev'rywhere;
 And Nature do I love so much
 That she, by charming oratory
 In all her varied scenes, does touch
 My heart, and give relief to me—
 My parent's death, a prize it was, said she—

10

"A prize, indeed, we knew not then,
 Nor know, its worth, before we die;
 'Tis a prize for which do live all men,
 A prize to which do all men ply
 The loom of work to them assigned,
 A prize by which, in sooth, are we
 Pushed up in life, as is divined
 By nat'ral laws'eloquent plea—
 The laws that far and wide obtain so free.

11

"And then I found relief for it
 In Nature's silent speech so sound,
 That e'er I love by her to sit,
 When sorrows dire, be-lege me round,
 I never quit her peacefull home;
 She is to me my nat'ral good—
 For o'er the verdant meeds I roam,

And list to the song-thrush in the wood;
 My love is not the less in calmer mood.

12

"And now the more, since sieged am I
 By Want with legion flames that burn
 But not consume the mind; I fly
 The world of man's affairs, and turn
 Myself from days by which I mourn,
 And nights I spend in ruthless tears—
 I turn to nature, her alone;
 The peace she gives, defies the years,
 And in her arms repose and doff my fears—

13

"Want brought with her calamities
 Unspeak'bly sad and strong for me—
 My home is sad as e'er it is:
 My friends--those fountain-heads of glee,
 Who shield me up in thousand folds
 Against mine woes, are far away—
 And rocks on which my hope has holds,
 Have crumbled like this mortal clay—
 I am the theme of scorn to all I say—

14

"At solemn feasts the richer guests,
 With wondrous scorn, does me survey;
 I sneek to a corner at my best,
 Lest they, their whims on me might play;
 My state's the so-called friend's reproach,

No man with me acquaintance seeks;
 For he's appalled this self to approach;
 I hate like adder human freaks;
 So I to nature turn—admire her peaks."

15

"O youth as ripe as thou art fair!
 If life of mine has charms for thee,
 I welcome thee, with court'sy rare;
 Without a friend, alone, you see,
 I here admire the wood and sky;
 To have a friend in thee, will bring
 Such joy unmixed and pure and high
 Such noble thoughts in me will spring
 As give a glory true to mortal being."

16

Thus spoke the hoary man, so free
 From sins that spot the common men—
 His heart doth shine with purity;
 For virtues close his saintly fen—
 Meanwhile the moonlight filled the glen,
 And shed a charm like magic spell,
 When they, on high, did gaze again:
 They viewed the lofty scenes so well,
 The youth in words his musings'gan to tell.

17

"The gentle moon will now put on
 A look unlike what storms portend,
 But one which shows the dark is gone,

And one which doth enchanting send
 Some soothing rays that, charms, do blend,
 That cool the heat of sorrows dire
 And lovely man with joy befriend;
 Reliever, Hail! of sorrows dire,
 Impart Thy golden light, and hope, inspire.

18

"The mute and still admirers thine,
 Thy nectar sweet, with gladness, crave
 And praise thee beauteous, fair, divine,
 In tongues of myriad leaves that wave;
 No words they use—those trash that pave
 The path of falsehood, that of crime;
 For men guild words and try to save,
 And hide the truth of feelings prime,
 To meet their schemes still brought to light,
 by time.

19

"To view thee's fair as thou dost plough
 The blue expanse of liquid light,
 But changing like the scenes below,
 And quiv'ring like the beacon-light;
 The stars that twinkle twinkle bright,
 Those grayish clouds that steer by,
 Are all to me one great delight,
 A joy that those who see can spy,
 A joy that lives with us everlastingly—"

20

"Tis sweet the rosy morn to view,
 To view the youthful sun is fair;
 'Tis joy to see the leaves with dew.
 But none so beauteous and so rare,
 As Youth and Age went, hand in hand,
 To learn the secrets of the main,
 The sky and nature, fair and grand,
 With nature's quest and knowledge gain,
 And let the same to widen its domain—

21

"This green hill's circle, with our shoes,
 We'll measure, youngest or fair, to find
 The book whose band and grasp will loose
 To yield us truth which strong doth bind
 The natural laws that rule this clime,
 Those laws which could n't be changed
 by time,

By time or tide or nature's chime
 Which sounds like music-box of rhyme.
 Of rhyme which latent lies in all thing's prime.

22

For beauty clears the inner eye
 And life inspires to thoughts sublime
 To thoughts sublime that unsearched lie
 In every leaf and bud that rhyme
 With mind. How sweet to view the world
 And learn its secrets deep and dark!

When nature's pages are unfurled
 How nature's laws are clear! just mark,
 How profuse pour they forth like lay of lark!

23

When walk we thro' this wide expanse
 When to and fro doth wave the grass,
 And fragrant blossoms peep and dance
 When soft and gentle breeze doth pass
 Thro' clustered trees and music make,
 The lovely mind doth yield a place
 To thoughts that deep do lie, and take
 The subtle force that fills the face
 Of nature with the mellow moonlit rays

24

The hints that we from nature draw,
 Suggest to us a lofty life.
 It treads the path of nature's law
 And binds this rounded world of strife.
 It gives the godly gift of life,
 A bliss which balms the souls of men,
 A bliss which sheathes the sword of strife
 And changes life to light again
 And sweeter makes its sunken vale and glen.

25

For ev'ry time we see the deep,
 The waves that dash against the beach,
 The water's swift careering sweep
 In bright'ning beams, doth it not teach

Our mind to rise in tones sublime
 And stir the passions all that make
 Or mar their sweet and graceful mime?
 And thus on nature when we wake
 We see our mind its hue from nature take.

26

And nature gilds our moral scene
 With lily's beauty rose's bloom.
 She makes us part of what we've seen;
 She makes the Swiss to ply the loom
 Of freedom prized so much by all,
 That many a nation for it bled,
 That nation's greatness, nation's fall
 Is judged by freedom's sov'reign maid
 Who now doth mourn o'er scenes for ever fled.

27

The unceasing wheeling of this sphere,
 The alternate march of day and night,
 The unfailing seasons of the year,
 The autumn tints that charm the sight,
 The rhythmic roar of ocean gay,
 And dome above of deep blue sky,
 That nature's constant law obey,
 The twinkling stars that blink on high—
 O these infuse a keenness to the eye.

28

But what are these, save symbols true
 Of nature's aspects, and hence of us,

Of her methods; to us a clue
 To what we are, and what she does
 To build in us our moral lot.
 But who can check the force of laws
 That nature links to laws of thought?
 The laws of nature give us cause
 To know that these give us the moral laws.

29

The sense of moral nature turns
 On hinge of nature all around;
 For she the naked Negro spurns
 To pant on Afric's Desert mound;
 She makes the dwarfish Lap to stem
 The arctic waves by day, and spend
 The nights in revelry; to them
 (Since awe-inspired they always bend)
 The hills, the vales, the streams do terror send.

30

To these a genius they assign:
 And dread would come forth from the
 They fear to touch a tree, a vine, [gloom,
 A cabbage, fruit, a leaf or bloom;
 For direful harm is hid within,
 And Nature thus a savage makes
 The Australian band; to this akin
 Is her attachment strong that takes,
 To us a past which she with us partakes.

31

So time thyself to nature fair,
 Our mind its hue from nature takes;
 She does our moral lot prepare;
 Hence nature be our art: she makes
 The most of godly gift of life;
 She sleeps in plants, in beasts she dreams,
 She wakes in man and thinks of strife
 That through creation winding streams.
 And mix and merge in nature's primal beams.

32

For there is in the midst of nature, light
 And in the midst light is truth,
 And in the midst of truth shines bright,
 The Master Mind that thought in sooth
 The single thought of Universe—
 Of nature ne'er we tire, since she
 Doth grace the heart that her or hers,
 Devout adores in purity.
 Hence nature be our art, for then we 'll see

33

Eternal truth behind the veil
 And one eternal thought that beams
 And sets throughout her realms its seal.
 We 'll then through nature catch her
 gleams"
 So spake old age, while youth inspired
 With joy that sparkled through his eyes

And life infused, with hopes high fired,
 Did leap for glee and said "we 'd rise
 From here and nature's richly freighted prize

34

We 'd win with travel's blessed meed,
 We 'd start from here, and with our shoes,
 We 'd measure nature's realms where
 plead

The elements joy, and knowledge fuse."

And so they started, both from there
 To Nature learn with Nature's quest.

They started—Youth and Age, in pair,

And travelled far (by Nature blest)

And wide, from pole to pole, from East to
 West.

THE CHIEFTAIN'S DAUGHTER.

In fairest Aurent's city
 There thrived a lovely pair,
 But died the wife, 'tis pity,
 While yet in bloom and fair;
 And still her haughty beauty
 Did serve her pretty child;
 She knew well what is duty,
 The lassie young and wild.
 The Ruler stern of Munder

Did fondly love the lass,
 And offered gold to sunder
 The gloom of Mahil class;
 The Mahil chieftain yielded
 In full to Munder's will:
 The golden calf he shielded,
 Loved more the purse and till:
 "What childish pranks, you prattle,
 My dear lassie wild?
 Be humble like the cattle,
 Thy weal is looked to, child.
 Will I thy loving father
 Forfeit thy weal for gold?
 With idle words why bother?
 To this engagement, hold."
 Just then, in Aurent's castle
 Arrived a warrior chief,
 Whose dauntless deeds did dazzle
 The maiden, young and lief.
 She saw the gallant hero,
 And lost her heart to him;
 Now Munder grew a zero,
 The warrior caught her whim.
 The ruthless Mahil sold her,
 The maiden young and fair;
 Of happy days, he told her,
 That settled for the pair.
 "True, I could wear a diadem,

But love would not be free,
 And love is life and freedom,
 To Munder, sell not me;
 If more than me, the tinkling
 Of Mammon's bell you care,
 Of which I have some inkling
 Why care you how I fare?
 I would even wed a cooly,
 Be free from purple strife;
 Have all things worked up duly,
 Would be his happy wife—"
 The Chieftain knew this rather,
 He knew not what to do.
 The clouds did round him gather,
 And he did dearly rue.
 At last her words did carry
 Their just and worthy weight,
 The warrior, she did marry,
 And they were ready dight
 To make towards their mansion;
 The news like wildfire spread.
 With shrewd and scheming scansion,
 The gallant Munder sped,
 Resolved on war and carnage,
 The Mahil chief to slay.
 And blocked the bridal passage;
 The party, went their way.
 The Munder ruler darted,

Defied his foe to fight;
 The Chieftain backward started
 And all were seized by fright.
 But bold her lover forward
 At once advanced to view,
 And boldly faced he princeward
 And gave the prince his due;
 The prince then rushed like torrent
 And struck the bridegroom down,
 And plunged his steel on Aurent
 And frowned a furious frown.
 The bride her sword then buckled
 And stood the skirmish brave,
 And broke the forces knuckled;
 At last she waved her glove,
 Cut off her arms from shoulder
 Like lioness bold she pealed;
 "Forbear" her matrons told her:
 Their grief at once she sealed.
 "O take these arms to Mahil,
 Give them to grandam old.
 Sav. I did face the broil,
 With Mahil blood and bold."
 She stood like marble statue,
 Prepared herself for flame;
 A pyre was lit in purlieu,
 She leapt and died in fame.

WAYSIDE MUSINGS.

O Earth divinely grand and fair!
 What wouldst thou be devoid of life?
 O life! what thou devoid of strife?
 Hail twins that run your race in pair!

How wondrous, fair and just your play!
 Where'er we gaze, before our eyes
 The scenes of life in grandeur rise
 And close at last in dull decay!

Life presses, picks and hews and piles,
 It slits, it saws, it planes, it turns,
 It beats, it blows, it forges, burns,
 It rolls and hammers, rasps or files.

Our eyes e'er rest on things alive,
 Or things that e'er enjoy life's meed:
 Some blade of grass or struggling weed
 Doth push its way through life and thrive.

Our chairs and tables once had life.
 The paper on the walls, the doors,
 The carpet-mantle on the floors,
 All this had life, and life its strife.

There's scarce a street or alley where
 We fail to see some insect fly
 Or creep or spin its web and ply
 From bloom to bloom and hover there.

O earth how brimful thou 'rt of life!
 O life, how sweet to draw thy breath!
 O life thou dost give birth to death,
 And birth gives death to thee in strife.

'Tis sweet to draw life's balmy breath
 In such refulgent summers sweet,
 When circling sphere's melodious beat
 Makes death a life, and life a death,

And stirs the string of minds that own
 Such stores as silent thoughts could bring,
 And silent thoughts in words could sing,
 In words which want of thoughts bemoan.

The bright blue sky, the green-clad field,
 The lively green of shrubs and plants,
 The luxuries of wide expanse;
 To me a phantom joy e'er yield!

And day and night come alternate,
 At day we work at night we sleep,
 And wake again when sun doth peep—
 Doth peep thro' lovely Eastern Gate.

And sleep doth us for work prepare,
 And work again prepares for sleep,
 When Phibbus sinks in mighty deep.
 Life runs its race thus ev'rywhere!

To wake at morn is daily birth
 To sleep at night is daily death,
 And many a stage doth pass thro' breath
 And we at last do quit this Earth.

O life that quits this mortal frame!
 From whence, tell me, begins thy flow;
 I see thee come, I see thee go;
 I'm quite in dark of whence thou came.

But what's without, could but be known
 When what's in us we know full well:
 And since our thoughts we often tell,
 We know them, hence the self we own.

Apart from all the clues of mind
 To know its acts and feelings own
 We're off the line of knowledge thrown,
 Of what this self-doth seek to find.

This self its sameness doth retain,
 Thro' all sensation's wavelike flow,
 Sensations that do come and go,
 Like tides, alas! but *I* remain.

And what's perceived by senses all,
 I bear in mind and them I feel,
 I know I feel, which doth reveal
 The light within the mental hall.

The growth and course of thoughts do trace
 A fixt arrangement outside me,
 Of things which I believe to be
 To be in place that takes in space.

If we an object ne'er perceived,
 The thought of space would ne'er wake up,
 Nor that of time which doth rake up
 Far off events by us conceived.

I am the cause of all my acts,
 My acts result from causal will:
 The light within that doth me fill
 With real cause to find out facts.

And thus the outside world so fair
 Is proved by some eternal force,
 A force which is the ground and source
 Of all, with purpose ev'rywhere.

And this eternal force unveils
 Some laws that hold up moral life
 In this our rounded world of strife,
 And conscience all these laws reveals.

And conscience tho' these laws reveal,
 If reck we not the voice within,
 The soul grows dark as if by sin,
 For conscience doth these laws conceal.

And thus we see the light within
 That owns the law (when duly lit)
 Of light without, and close us knit
 With Him from whom doth all begin.

Thus our conscience implies One
 Whom eyes nor see, nor ears do hear,
 Whom yet we see and hear so clear
 In what we *feel* when thus alone.

This world itself doth look to him,
 For ev'ry time we see the sky,
 The sun, the moon, the stars on high,
 The dome of night, the clouds that swim,

The moonlight on the lake, the dyes
 Of autumn leaves and blooms, the streams
 That ripple o'er the stones, the beams
 Of magnificence that sparkling rise

In every part of Universe,
 And ev'ry time we see all this,
 Our souls are clad in endless bliss,
 And with the soul above, converse.

So life doth come from life and live,
 And live in frames and leave them then,
 Like snakes that cast the scales, which men
 Call "Life" and "Death," "We die", "We live."

Death is but a womb where life
Renews its being and comes to light
In other forms, till it is dight
To merge in where doth cease all strife.

We are receptive of the Mind—
The great and perfect Mind from where
Our minds imperfect come, prepare
To perfect reach and release find.

We soar to all the heights of form
Till we reach the highest one,
When strife is o'er and race is won,
When no more we fear the storm.

We are thus parts of a perfect whole;
And hence let all of us embrace
One common universal race,
And run our race and reach our goal.

We are the means to reach our end:
We are the end to all our means:
We shall then witness all the scenes
Which life to us doth e'er extend.

We'll see what ought to be, will be
And wrong its recompense will meet,
While right will walk with hopeful feet
To meet its goal of still-to-be.

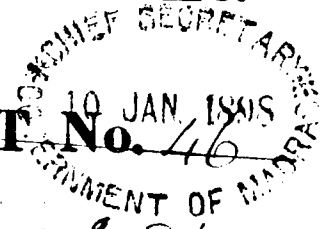
3

Public
Political (1898) Department.

Public

CURRENT No. 46

C. n. 81



Public Political
one
46

Order

From

The Resident in
Tumacac & Cachin

Ref. No. 3846

Dated 27th December 1897

Received }
Registered } 10th January 1898

Enclosures one

Spare copies

received for
19.1.98
Rt

SUBJECT.

Forwards a copy of "Jubilee
leaves" & other poems by
one S. Ramanatha Aiyar of
Tharamanai, for submission
to Her Majesty the Queen
Empress of India.

BACK PAPERS.

G.O.	No.	Department.	Date.
608-9	87	19-5-97	
521	87	6-5-97	

FURTHER PAPERS.

G.O.	No.	Department.	Date.

Ref. no. 3876

No 46 Page 81 Pub.

Resident's Office
 Trivandrum, 27th December 1897
 Despatch 7th January 1898

From J. D. Rees Esquire C. I. E.
 As Resident in Travancore and Cochin
 To The Chief Secretary to Government
 Fort Saint George

Sir,
 I have the honor to forward herewith a copy of
 "Jubilee leaves and other Poems" by S. Ramanatha
 Aiyar, Karamana Trivandrum, which the Author
 has sent to me for Submission to Her Majesty the
 Queen-Empress of India. I gather from G.O. no. 608
 Public dated 19th May 1897 that similar Poems
 have been accepted by Government for transmission
 to Her Majesty. The Author in the present case
 is an Undergraduate of the Madras University
 and a Clerk in the Dewan's Office at Trivandrum.
 He is an extremely prolific poet, and, I think
 deserves some encouragement.

I have the honor to be
 Sir
 Your most obed^t Servant
 J. D. Rees
 Asst Resident for
 As. Resident

a 2711

G. 24 A
100-2-2-27

Public DEPARTMENT

C. No. 81

SUBJECT.

H.E. the Governor

(Signature)

"Jubilee Leaves"
x 100. p. 100

O.S.

FOR ORDERS.

The Resdt in Travancore
 & Cochin forwards a copy of
 "Jubilee Leaves to the Poets"
 which the author S. Ramach-
 arya of Karamanai, Trivan-
 drum has sent for submission
 to the Queen. The writer of the
 poems is an undergraduate
 of the Madras University
 and a Clerk with the Diwan's
 Office at Trivandrum. The
 Resdt, who considers the author
 a "prolific" poet, deserving of
 consideration, encourages
 remarks that from G.O.
 608 Pat 49.5.97, he gathers
 that other similar poems
 have been accepted by
 this Govt for transmission
 to Her Majesty

Please see the notes before

I intend to - also K and K'

on 9.0.3 1105 Pub and 96 sub
21.8.97 17.7.97

Two of those whose communications were not transmitted to India (vide K') sent copies direct to India which merely acknowledged their receipt

As for the present "Leaves" there is nothing objectionable in them. They are in English, "a foreign language," which the author, an "obscure Indian bard" he calls himself - "dabbles in"

Orders are solicited as to whether the poems may be sent into India

Ceo 20/1/98 I do not see any use in sending on this inflated rubbish to anyone. The author can distribute his own books.

M.P. 20.8 I am inclined to agree with this. The receipt may be acknowledged.

MA 24.1.98.

* Sarayana Swami Raju
Swasanthana Pandeyagi

* Letter 1757425.0.97 - 80 1179 Pub
Happ T 8/9/97

Yany well.

8.54

26.1.98.

Public DEPARTMENT.

[8]
24
1,00-18-9-97.

Papers to be read in proceedings:--

Again G.O., No. , dated

189 .

Again G.O., No. , dated

189 .

Current No. 81

of 1898, dated

27/12/97, from The Resident T.O.C.

" "

" 189 , "

" "

" "

" 189 , "

" "

note for P.S.

Please see notes below. It seems unnecessary to send up G.O.s of this description to the P.S. orders are, however, solicited.

M.P. 27.8

noted M.P. 27.8

S.A. 3/1/98

note.

It is very difficult to discriminate. The practice should remain as at present. MA 29.1.98

I do not know what the former practice was, but it seems to be unnecessary to send up G.O.s to the P.S. when they are as trivial as this, & embody his orders.

M.P. 27.8

A.S. the previous practice (so far as I can say i.e. for about the past three years) has been to submit all drafts from orders to the CS I speak of the Public Dept. C.W. 27.1.98

no. 169 D 1.2.98

The Resdt. will be requested to inform Mr R. S. Ramanath Aiyar that the copy of his "Jubilee Leaves and other Poems" has been duly received

(from orders)

Ceo 27.1.98

M.P. 27.8
MA 29.1.98.

Resdt in Trav + Cochin (9)

When given for copying 1/2
When copied 1-2
When examined 2-2
When signed _____

1892

READ AGAIN C.O., No.
189

DATED

CURRENT

ENCLOSURES TO C. No.

ORDER OF GOVERNMENT

A A A A A A A

LETTER OF GOVERNMENT.

STATEMENT WITH DITTO.

PAPERS NOT FILED UP, BEING MEANT FOR DESPATCH
IN ORIGINAL.

H.B.-

A = Copy in full.

B = Not to be copied

C = Copy heading only